

morn till night, I see him in his accustomed place sitting, and steadily gazing out upon the bustling world, without being able as once he was, amid the busy scenes of life to join the "innumerable multitude" that press down the vale of time; some in search of pleasure, some pursuing the fleeting phantom of health; some in pursuit of the bauble, wealth, and some striving for the hard earned "bread of life."

The loud ringing joyous laugh of youth often awakes him from his dreamy meditations; the hurried step of business men often startles him from the dreamy reveries of the past; the aged, almost superannuated; methinks oft call more sadly to his mind his own helpless condition. With him the pleasure and follies of youth are passed as a vision; the active toils and cares of meridian life seem but a passing dream; the present—old age with its infirmities—only appearing real.

But, kind reader, this old man is a *true hero*. From youth up he has "fought the good fight," and now stands upon the verge of the grave, crowned with a wreath of honor, waiting the bidding of the Master of "life and death." He has passed, with an undaunted heart and holy trust, through all the vicissitudes of eventful life, mingling with the myriads thronging with ambitious zeal towards the grave. Boldly he set out in youth with a burning desire for fame; virtue and honor prompting him to the battle of life. Boldly and fearlessly he encountered every opposition that rivalry placed in his pathway, mounting higher and higher the rugged steps of the world, until success crowned his efforts, and he was led to exclaim, with Thompson the poet, that

"All the proud virtue of this vaunting world,  
Fawns on success and power, however acquired."

But now, all these things have passed as an idle dream. He has beheld the vanity of all things worldly, and experienced the truth, that "all things pass away."

Often beside this old man I see sitting a flaxen-haired little girl, inquiringly looking up into his wrinkled face, with her soft, tiny hand within his, while her "flaxen curls sweep oft his hardened palm." And ever and anon her shrill laugh—"a brimming laugh of joy from childhood's lips," peals out upon the air, which the rocklands echo back, causing the old man to startle in his second childhood. And often we hear her pleading with "grandpa" to follow her to the lawn, to play "hide-and-seek," or to join her in a wild chase after some beauti-

ful butterfly, or the tiny humming bird; and when he refuses, she cannot understand why he will not. She then turns to her mother, and asks why grandpa never joins in her merry plays; and when her mother explains to her the reason, she asks if she shall ever become so old that she cannot run and play, and laugh and sing; and when informed that she will if she should live as long as grandpa, her merry voice is hushed, and for a long time her silvery voice is silent, may be, in thought. But care or sorrow from the mind of childhood passes like an April shadow from the green-growing meadow, leaving no impress of its transitory stay. In a moment she is laughing as merrily as ever, while her tossing curls keep time with her flying feet.

Is there no contrast between the two? The old man, with his superannuated frame, the frost of age upon his wrinkled brow, and the light of life is fading from his eye, while

"Frequent for breath his parting bosom heaves;  
To broken sleep his remnant -cuse he gives,  
And only by his pains awaking, finds he lives."

And the youth, whose active features are the embodiment of life, health and happiness;

"Dancing through pleasure's maze  
To care, to guilt unknown."

But all honor to thee, old man! Thou hast conquered the world; thou hast fulfilled the mission whereunto thy God sent thee; and upon the threshold of eternity thou art waiting to be ushered through the portals of His kingdom, to everlasting day.

### Young Theodore—Discourtesy Severely Punished.

Hospitality has been recommended on the ground that one may perhaps entertain angels unawares. We would say be courteous to all, for fear, that through forgetfulness or neglect, you may omit some persons who have treated you kindly. Those whom we never saw may have performed good offices to us through strangers. We may have reaped benefits in utter ignorance of their author. If we are not habitually regardful and polite, it may happen, that in word or act, by private speech, or in the public print, we may inflict a wound upon one who has done us signal good: for it is not those with whom we are most intimate, who are sure to serve us best.

A poor orphan boy, named Theodore \_\_\_\_\_, was only seven years old when